

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 742
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Poems of
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by
Nelson Antrim Crawford



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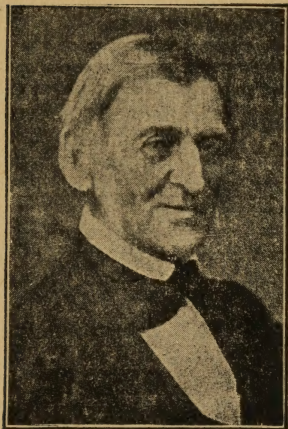
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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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THE LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet, philosopher, preacher, lecturer, representative of New England transcendentalism, was born in Boston in 1803. For generations his ancestors had been clergymen, and his father was pastor of the First Church of Boston, originally Trinitarian Congregational, but at that time Unitarian.

The father's death in 1811 made it necessary for the family to exercise rigid economy and at times to accept the help of friends. In spite of poverty, education was stressed in the family, and Ralph was sent to the Boston Latin School and subsequently to Harvard College. He worked his way through college in large measure, taking his degree in 1821. He then taught in several places, including a country academy, and at the same time began studying for the ministry under the direction of Dr. William Ellery Channing. He took some work in the divinity school at Cambridge, but his health was too poor to permit his completing the regular course.

In 1829 he entered upon preaching in the Unitarian Church. He went south for his health, preached there occasionally, and then returned to New England, where he carried on ministerial work in Concord and Boston.

In 1829 Emerson became colleague of the pastor of the Second Church in Boston and within a short time, upon the latter's resigna-

tion, succeeded to the pastorate. In September, 1829, he was married to Ellen Louisa Tucker. As a preacher his winning personality and the charm of his discourse won him admirers and friends.

In February, 1832, Emerson's wife died of tuberculosis. In the fall of the same year Emerson resigned his pastorate because of conscientious scruples against administering the Lord's Supper. He maintained that it had not been intended to be permanent, and that it was confusing to many religiously minded people.

His sermon on the subject, his only published sermon, is illuminative of the mental and spiritual attitude of the man and, in particular, of his great tolerance for the views of others. He ended his sermon thus:

"Having said this, I have said all. I have no hostility to this institution; I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. Neither should I ever have obtruded this opinion upon other people, had I not been called by my office to administer it. That is the end of my opposition, that I am not interested in it. I am content that it stand to the end of the world if it please men and please Heaven, and I shall rejoice in all the good it produces."

The next year Emerson visited Europe, where the places did not greatly interest him, but where he was attracted by the people. He met Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Lander and Carlyle, the last of whom Emerson introduced to America through sponsoring the pub-

lication of his works even to the extent of advancing money out of his own pocket. His friendship with Carlyle lasted till death.

Emerson preached occasionally abroad. Upon his return to America he entered upon the profession of lecturing and preaching, although he held no regular pastorate. Lecturing was at that time, particularly in the eastern states, a profession of distinction. He spoke on English literature, history, culture, and other subjects.

Emerson made his home in Concord, Massachusetts. Here he was surrounded on the one hand by men of great but eccentric talent, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and others, and on the other hand by the plain, substantial citizens of New England. Between the two Emerson kept a remarkable balance. He took an interested part in the political life of the town and while identified with transcendental doctrine, he never lost his sympathy with, or confidence in, the mass of the people.

In 1835 Emerson married a second time, his bride being Lydia Jackson.

The next year he published anonymously his first volume, entitled *Nature*. It was an essay of several chapters, less than one hundred pages long. As Holmes points out, the book is in fact "a reflective prose poem." It attracted but little attention, seeming to most persons quite unintelligible. The same year, however, Emerson wrote a hymn which stirred the emotions of thousands, the *Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument*. In

1837 he delivered the oration, *The American Scholar*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. In this he emphasized the significance of scholarship and culture, saying in part:

"In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking. In this view of him, as *Man thinking*, the theory of his office is continued. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites."

In the summer of 1838 Emerson addressed the senior class in the Cambridge Divinity College in a discourse which emphasized the human spirit as a supreme judge in all spiritual matters. Christianity, he declared, had, by exaggeration and misconception, become highly defective for the modern world:

"The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past; that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man; indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology. It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of Man—is lost."

The address aroused vigorous attack, particularly from conservative Unitarians. A con-

troversy soon waged, in which, however, Emerson took no part. He considered himself inspired, as he believed any man with message was inspired, and he was ready to allow to others the same inspiration. In his personal attitude, as in his addresses and writings, he maintained his belief in the individual as sole guide to his own life.

In 1841 and 1844 Emerson published, respectively, the first and second series of his essays. During part of its career, which extended from 1840 to 1844, he edited *The Dial*, the organ of the transcendental movement. In 1847 he published a collection of poems made up in part of verse that had appeared in this magazine. Subsequent works of prose included *Miscellanies*, published in 1849; *Representative Men*, 1850; *English Traits*, 1856; *The Conduct of Life*, 1860; *Society and Solitude*, 1870; *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875; and *Natural History of the Intellect*, published after the author's death. Most of his prose consisted of revisions of his lectures. Emerson published subsequent volumes of poetry in 1865, 1867, and 1878.

Emerson's life during this period of literary activity was relatively quiet and uneventful. He lectured in England in 1847 and 1848. While in the United States he busied himself with lecturing—going as far west as the Pacific coast,—with writing, and with association with his friends, both literary men and the common citizens of Concord. He was constantly appealed to for co-operation in reform movements of questionable soundness, but, though he was sympathetic with all reform, his good judg-

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ment kept him from risking much time or money in these enterprises.

In the summer of 1872, Emerson's home was partly burned, causing him a severe shock. From that time until his death his memory was defective and his mind was without its usual keenness. Friends of his arranged for him a trip to Europe and to Egypt, and during his absence rebuilt and refurnished his home.

In 1874 the Independent party of Glasgow University nominated Emerson for Lord Rector. The opposing candidate was Disraeli, who was elected by a vote of 700 to 500. Emerson characterized the vote as "quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me."

In the same year Emerson published an anthology of English and American poems entitled *Parnassus*. Shakespeare, and next to him Wordsworth, are represented more frequently than any other poets. Herbert, Herrick, Johnson, Milton, Chaucer, Burns, Byron, Scott, and Tennyson are among others who appear.

In spite of his failing faculties Emerson went on with his reading and writing, with the assistance of his daughter, Ellen. In 1882 he died of pneumonia.

Emerson was undoubtedly the greatest intellectual influence in America in his time. His lectures, his essays, and his verse tremendously stimulated the development of idealistic thought. Indeed, American thought is still influenced by the transcendental theory, of which Emerson was the great exponent, which maintains "that the world of spirit (or of some super-spiritual substance) was the groundwork of being and

the material universe an appearance or effect; and that as the soul partook of the nature of God it had, through its highest quality as 'reason,' direct perception of reality." At the same time his writings were not worked out with sufficient scholarship or logic really to form a clear-cut system of philosophy. Readers are stimulated by Emerson to think and to feel for themselves rather than to accept a definite course of argument set forth by the author, and this is probably what this great man would prefer were he now living.

THE POETRY OF RALPH WALDO
EMERSON

Emerson is commonly thought of primarily as a philosopher. His essays have the widest sale of any of his works. Yet he often referred to himself as a poet and it is not improbable that some of his poems will outlast his essays.

In accordance with Emerson's dictum that "the true poet and the true philosopher are one," Emerson's poetry is distinctively philosophical. His theory of poetry, as indeed his theory of life, is based on the two entities which he recognized, nature and the soul of man. These, according to his view, combine themselves into art and into life.

Naturally, his poetry is essentially the poetry of thought. "Great thoughts," he asserted, "insure musical expression." His poetical work is distinguished by keenness and height of thought, sincerity, response to nature, and marked compression.

Emerson's philosophical views are repeated again and again in his poetry. His emphasis on the significance of the human soul is emphasized in the last verse of his *Hymn*:

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of Heaven above
Springs from the life below.

Again, while one does not perhaps look for the strictly esthetic point of view in the moral

philosopher, one finds it expressed by Emerson in *The Rhodora*:

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.

While occasionally Emerson feels, as he himself admits, a lurking Puritan suspicion that beauty itself is not to be valued, he nevertheless is too much the artist to accept any such point of view:

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth." ...
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

On the other hand the poet distrusts and disdains the influence of beauty when it leads, as it so often does, to traditional beliefs. In *The Problem* he says:

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;

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Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowed churchman be.

* * * * *
Out from the heart of nature, rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;

* * * * *
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold..
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best *Augustine*,
And he who bled both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

While perhaps this is the clearest poetical presentation of his religious point of view, Emerson nowhere in his poetry loses sight of his conviction of the dignity of mankind and the supreme importance of the human spirit as the means of discovering and interpreting beauty and truth. Again and again, too, he emphasizes the world soul which "knows his own affair" and is "forelooking when he would prepare for the next ages."

The poet is not content with merely stating his philosophy or with finding its exemplification in nature. He applies it to practical affairs, when he sees in vision the triumph of liberal politics and liberal thought. At the same time he does not apply his philosophy in the concrete way in which Whittier, for ex-

ample, applies his. He does not devote much time to attacking the specific institution of slavery. He does not deal with specific instances of corruption or of oppression. Rather does he try to uphold ideals. He visions a "perfect state,"

When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth.

Emerson's treatment of nature is, as would be expected, dignified, serene, and understanding. When he speaks of the pure appeal to beauty in nature, he does not refer to an abstract beauty of form but rather to an appreciation of the divinity of beauty and its manifestation in natural objects. His enjoyment is not the sensuous enjoyment of a Keats. Rather does it approach the attitude of a Wordsworth, though without the traditional intellectual approach of the latter. Some of Emerson's descriptions of nature are exceedingly vivid. Such phrases as "a tumultuous privacy of storm," and "succory to match the sky," have a strong appeal to any sympathetic reader. Moreover, he was ready to see beauty in every aspect of nature, however common. Both Whitman and Burroughs regarded highly his treatment of nature.

One of the striking features of his poetry is the extent and variety of his celestial imagery. Naturally religious and idealistic, Emerson chose again and again the stars, the sky, and other heavenly images to adorn his verse. There is no poet, perhaps, whose gaze, physical as well as spiritual, is more steadily upward.

Markedly absent from Emerson's poetry are passion and action. Likewise emotion, except of the intellectual type, is lacking.

In the structure of his verse, Emerson leaves much to be desired. He accepted completely the doctrine of inspiration, of divine afflatus, and he believed that the great thoughts and emotions which enter the poet's soul produce of themselves appropriate form. Consequently, he wrote verse as it came to him, and, especially as he advanced in years, he was averse to revision. Some of his lines possess marked smoothness and richness of tone. Others, by their ruggedness, emphasize the sturdy, independent character of the poet's thought. A great many, however, impress the reader as rough and awkward. He rimes "people" and "feeble," "Lord" and abroad." Such lines as these, in poems evidently intended to be strictly metrical, are an offense to the ear:

At morn or noon the guide rows bare-headed.

By its own meek and incorruptible will.

Emerson's blank verse averages perhaps best of his work partly because of being especially adapted to his themes and his attitude toward life. It is splendidly illustrated in the opening lines of *Hamatreya*, that poem which seems to the present writer a precursor of the poetry movement of today.

Emerson's poetry is more widely quoted than that of any other American poet. Such lines as these have become part of American speech and are repeated again and again by persons who have no idea of their authorship:

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

Wrought in a sad sincerity.

When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?

Nor are these lines repeatedly quoted because of any jingling rythm that catches the ear or because of any fatuous appeal to commonplace sentiment. They express genuine ideals and intellectual moods. Emerson's influence is thus real, wide, and permeative.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD
MONUMENT

April 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag of April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

POLITICS

Gold and iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Hinted Merlin wise,
Proved Napoleon great,
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.

Fear, Craft, and Avarice
 Cannot rear a State.
 Out of dust to build
 What is more than dust,—
 Walls Amphion piled
 Phoebus stablish must.
 When the Muses nine
 When the Virtues meet,
 Find to their design
 An Atlantic seat,
 By green orchard boughs
 Fended from the heat,
 Where the statesman ploughs
 Furrow for the wheat,—
 When the Church is social worth,
 When the state-house is the hearth,
 Then the perfect State is come,
 The republican at home.

THE THREE DIMENSIONS

"Room for the spheres!"—then first they shined,
 And dived into the ample sky;
 "Room! room!" cried the new mankind,
 And took the oath of liberty.
 Room! room willed the opening mind,
 And found it in Variety.

SPIRITUAL LAWS

The living Heaven thy prayers respect,
 House at once and architect,
 Quarrying man's rejected hours,
 Builds therewith eternal towers;
 Sole and self-commanded works,
 Fears not undermining days,

Grows by decays,
 And, by the famous might that lurks
 In reaction and recoil,
 Makes flame to freeze and ice to boil;
 Forging, through swart arms of Offence,
 The silver seat of Innocence.

THE PROBLEM

I like a church; I like a cowl;
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.
 Why should the vast on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure?
 Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?

Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 Such and so grew these holy piles
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone;
 And Morning opes with haste her lids,
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For, out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine,
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise,—
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowled portrait dear;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
 A river-ark on the ocean brine,
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
 But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple Office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
 To those who go, and those who come;
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
 Where arches green, the livelong day,

Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

COMPENSATION

Why should I keep holiday
 When other men have none?
 Why but because, when these are gay,
 I sit and mourn alone?

And why when mirth unseals all tongues,
 Should mine alone be dumb?
 Ah! late I spoke to silent throngs,
 And now their hour is come.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
 And loved so well a high behaviour,
 In man or maid, that thou from speech re-
 frained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love;
 Obey thy heart;
 Friends, kindred, days,
 Estate, good-fame,
 Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
 Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
 Let it have scope:
 Follow it utterly,
 Hope beyond hope:
 High and more high
 It dives into noon,
 With wing unspent,
 Untold intent;
 But it is a god,
 Knows its own path,
 And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean;
 It requireth courage stout,
 Souls above doubt,
 Valour unbending;
 Such 'twill reward,—
 They shall return
 More than they were,
 And ever ascending

Leave all for love;
 Yet, hear me, yet,
 One word more thy heart behoved,
 One pulse more of firm endeavour,—
 Keep thee today,
 Tomorrow, forever.

Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,

Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of surer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
 But 'tis figured in the flowers;
 Was never secret history
 But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
 Homeward brought the oxen strong;
 A second crop thine acres yield,
 Which I gather in a song.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
 Because she still is naked, being dressed:
 The godlike sculptor will not so deform
 Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest.

INTELLECT

Go, speed the stars of Thought
 One to their shining goals;—
 The sower scatters broad his seed,
 The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

GHASELLE

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ

Of Paradise, O hermit wise,
 Let us renounce the thought;
 Of old therein our names of sin
 Allah recorded not.

Who dear to God on earthly sod
 No rice or barley plants,
 The same is glad that life is had,
 Though corn he wants.

O just fakir, with brow austere,
 Forbid me not the vine;
 On the first day, poor Hafiz' clay
 Was kneaded up with wine.

Thy mind the mosque and cool kiosk,
 Spare fast and orisons;
 Mine me allows the drinking-house,
 And sweet chase of the nuns.

He is no dervise, Heaven slight's his service,
 Who shall refuse
 There in the banquet to pawn his blanket
 For Schiraz' juice.

Who his friend's skirt or hem or his shirt
 Shall spare to pledge,
 To him Eden's bliss and angel's kiss
 Shall want their edge.

Up! Hafiz, grace from high God's face
 Beams on thee pure;
 Shy thou not hell, and trust thou well,
 Heaven is secure.

FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel;
 And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,

To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry,
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
 The delicate shells lay on the shore;

The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

HAMATREYA

Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,
 Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
 Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and
 wood.

Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
 Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's, and my
 name's:

How sweet the west wind sounds in my own
 trees!

How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
 I fancy these pure waters and the flags

Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
 And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."

Where are these men? Asleep beneath their
 grounds;

And strangers, fond as they, their furrows
 plough.

Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
 Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not
 theirs;

Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their
 feet

Clear of the grave.

They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,
 And sighed for all that bounded their domain.

"This suits me for a pasture; that's my park;
 We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-ledge,
 And misty lowland, where to go for peat.

The land is well,—lies fairly to the south.

'Tis good, when you have crossed the sea and
 back,

To find the sitfast acres where you left them."

Ah the hot owner sees not Death, who adds
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more.
Hear what the Earth says:

EARTH-SONG

"Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide—
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are the old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.

"The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
In tail,
To them and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
Forevermore.

"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound, and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam,—
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom.

"They called me theirs,
Who so controlled me;

Yet every one
 Wished to stay, and is gone,
 How am I theirs,
 If they cannot hold me,
 But I hold them?"

When I heard the Earth-song,
 I was no longer brave;
 My avarice cooled
 Like lust in the chill of the grave.

FROM "MONADNOC"

The World-soul knows his own affair,
 Forelooking, when he would prepare
 For the next ages, men of mould
 Well embodied, well ensouled,
 He cools the present's fiery glow,
 Sets the life-pulse strong but slow:
 Bitter winds and fasts austere
 His quarantines and grottos, where
 He slowly cures decrepit flesh,
 And brings it infantile and fresh.
 Toil and tempest are the toys
 And games to breathe his stalwart boys:
 They bide their time, and well can prove,
 If need were, their line from Jove;
 Of the same stuff and so allayed,
 As that whereof the sun is made,
 And of the fibre, quick and strong,
 Whose throbs are love, whose thrills are song.

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 ing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask; I never knew;
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same Power that brought me there
 brought you.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid-zone!
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere;
 Swimmer through the waves of air;
 Voyager of light and noon;
 Epicurean of June;
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum,—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And, with softness touching all
 Tints the human countenance
 With a colour of romance,
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,

Maple-sap, and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

SEA-SHORE

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea
 Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
 Am I not always here thy summer home?
 Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
 My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
 My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
 Was ever building like my terraces?
 Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
 Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
 A little hut suffices like a town.
 I make your sculptured architecture vain,
 Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,

And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh, and Thebes,
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs,
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

Behold the Sea,

The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods:—who gives gifts but
they?

They grope the sea for pearls, but more than
pearls:

They pluck Force thence, and give it to the
wise.

For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find.
O waves!

A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

I too have arts and sorceries;
 Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
 I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
 With credulous and imaginative man;
 For, though he scoop my water in his palm
 A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
 Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the
 shore,
 I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
 To distant men, who must go there, or die.

WOODNOTES—I

1

For this present, hard
 Is the fortune of the bard,
 Born out of time;
 All his accomplishment,
 From Nature's utmost treasure spent,
 Booteth not him.
 When the pine tosses its cones
 To the song of its waterfall tones,
 He speeds to the woodland walks,
 To birds and trees he talks:
 Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
 There the poet is at home.
 He goes to the river-side—
 Not hook nor line hath he;
 He stands in the meadows wide,—
 Nor gun nor scythe to see;
 With none has he to do,
 And none seek him,
 Nor men below,

Nor spirits dim.
 Sure some god his eye enchants:
 What he knows nobody wants.
 In the wood he travels glad,
 Without better fortune had,
 Melancholy without bad.
 Planter of celestial plants,
 What he knows nobody wants;
 What he knows he hides, not vaunts.
 Knowledge this man prizes best
 Seems fantastic to the rest:
 Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,
 Grass-buds, and caterpillar-shrouds,
 Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
 Tints that spot the violet's petal,
 Why Nature loves the number five,
 And why the star-form she repeats:
 Lover of all things alive,
 Wonderer at all he meets,
 Wonderer chiefly at himself—
 Who can tell him what he is?
 Or how meet in human elf
 Coming and past eternities?

2

And such I knew, a forest seer,
 A minstrel of the natural year,
 Foreteller of the vernal ides,
 Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
 A lover true, who knew by heart
 Each joy the mountain dales impart;
 It seemed that Nature could not raise
 A plant in any secret place,
 In quaking bog, on snowy hill

Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
 Under the snow, between the rocks,
 In damp fields known to bird and fox,
 But he would come in the very hour
 It opened in its virgin bower,
 As if a sunbeam showed the place,
 And tell its long-descended race.
 It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
 As if by secret sight he knew
 Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
 Many haps fall in the field
 Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
 But all her shows did Nature yield,
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.
 He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
 He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
 He found the tawny thrush's broods;
 And the shy hawk did wait for him;
 What others did at distance hear,
 And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
 Was showed to this philosopher,
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

3

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberer's
 gang,
 Where from a hundred lakes young rivers
 sprang;
 He trode the unplanted forest floor, whereon
 The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
 Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly
 bear.
 And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.

He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
 The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
 And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
 Which breathes his sweet fame through the
 northern bowers.

He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
 With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls,—
 One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
 Declares the close of its green century.
 Low lies the plant to whose creation went
 Sweet influence from every element;
 Whose living towers the years conspired to
 build,

Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
 Through these green tents, by eldest Nature
 dressed,

He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
 Where darkness found him he lay glad at night;
 There the red morning touched him with its
 light.

Three moons his great heart him a hermit
 made,

So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
 The timid it concerns to ask their way;
 And fear what foe in caves and swamps can
 stray,

To make no step until the event is known,
 And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
 Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
 To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
 Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
 His hearth the earth,—his hall the azure dome;
 Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his
 road,

By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

4

'Twas one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow:
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sate;
The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud,
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known,—
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
"You ask," he said, "what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and
wide?
I found the water's bed.
The watercourses were my guide;
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beaver's camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,

And their resistless friendship showed;
 The falling waters led me,
 The foodful waters fed me,
 And brought me to the lowest land,
 Unerring to the ocean sand.
 The moss upon the forest bark
 Was pole-star when the night was dark,
 The purple berries in the wood
 Supplied me necessary food;
 For Nature ever faithful is
 To such as trust her faithfulness.
 When the forest shall mislead me,
 When the night and morning lie,
 When sea and land refuse to feed me,
 'Twill be time enough to die;
 Then will yet my mother yield
 A pillow in her greenest field,
 Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
 The clay of their departed lover."

WOODNOTES—II

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space,
 And nothing jostle or displace,
 So waved the pine-tree through my thought
 And fanned the dreams it never brought.*
 "Whether is better the gift or the donor?
 Come to me,"
 Quoth the pine-tree,
 "I am the giver of honour.
 My garden is the cloven rock,
 And my manure the snow;
 And drifting sand-heaps feed my stock,
 In summer's scorching glow.
 Ancient or curious,

Who knowest aught of us?
 Old as Jove,
 Old as Love,
 Who of me
 Tells the pedigree?
 Only the mountains old.
 Only the waters cold,
 Only moon and star
 My coevals are.
 Ere the first fowl sung
 My relenting boughs among,
 Ere Adam wived,
 Ere Adam lived,
 Ere the duck dived,
 Ere the bees hived,
 Ere the lion roared,
 Ere the eagle soared,
 Light and heat, land and sea,
 Spake unto the oldest tree.
 Glad in the sweet and secret aid
 Which matter unto matter paid,
 The water flower, the breezes fanned,
 The tree confined the roving sand,
 The sunbeam gave me to the sight,
 The tree adorned the formless light,
 And once again
 O'er the grave of men
 We shall talk to each other again
 Of the old age behind,
 Of the time out of mind,
 Which shall come again.

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
 Come to me,"
 Quoth the pine-tree,

"I am the giver of honour.
 He is great who can live by me.
 The rough and bearded forester
 Is better than the lord;
 God fills the scrip and canister,
 Sin piles the loaded board.
 The lord is the peasant that was,
 The peasant the lord that shall be;
 The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
 One dry, and one the living tree.
 Genius with my boughs shall flourish,
 Want and cold our roots shall nourish.
 Who liveth by the ragged pine
 Foundeth a heroic line;
 Who liveth in the palace hall
 Waneth fast and spendeth all.
 He goes to my savage haunts,
 With his chariot and his care;
 My twilight realm he disenchants,
 And finds his prison there.

"What prizes the town and the tower?
 Only what the pine-tree yields;
 Sinew that subdued the fields;
 The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
 Chants his hymn to hills and floods,
 Whom the city's poisoning spleen
 Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
 Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
 Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
 In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
 In whose feet the lion rusheth,
 Iron arms, and iron mould,
 That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
 I give my rafters to his boat,

My billets to his boiler's throat;
 And I will swim the ancient sea,
 To float my child to victory,
 And grant to dwellers with the pine
 Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
 Westward I ope the forest gates,
 The train along the railroad skates;
 It leaves the land behind like ages past,
 The foreland flows to it in river fast;
 Missouri I have made a mart,
 I teach Iowa Saxon art.
 Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,
 Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
 Cut a bough from my parent stem,
 And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
 A little while each russet gem
 Will swell and rise with wonted grace;
 But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
 The orphan of the forest dies.
 Whoso walketh in solitude,
 And inhabiteth the wood,
 Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
 Before the money-loving herd,
 Into that forester shall pass,
 From these companions, power and grace.
 Clean shall he be, without, within,
 From the old adhering sin.
 Love shall he, but not adulte
 The all-fair, the all-embracing Fate;
 All ill dissolving in the light
 Of his triumphant piercing sight.
 Not vain, sour, nor frivolous;
 Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous;
 Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
 And of all other men desired.

On him the light of star and moon
 Shall fall with purer radiance down;
 All constellations of the sky
 Shed their virtue through his eye.
 Him Nature giveth for defence
 His formidable innocence;
 The mounting sap, the shells, the sea,
 All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
 He shall never be old;
 Nor his fate shall be foretold;
 He shall see the speeding year,
 Without wailing, without fear;
 He shall be happy in his love,
 Like to like shall joyful prove;
 He shall be happy whilst he woos,
 Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
 But if with gold she bind her hair,
 And deck her breast with diamond,
 Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
 Though thou lie alone on the ground.
 The robe of silk in which she shines,
 It was woven of many sins;
 And the shreds
 Which she sheds
 In the wearing of the same
 Shall be grief on grief,
 And shame on shame.

"Heed the old oracles,
 Ponder my spells;
 Song wakes in my pinnacles
 When the wind swells.
 Soundeth the prophetic wind,
 The shadows shake on the rock behind,
 And the countless leaves of the pine are strings

Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.

"Hearken! Hearken!

If thou wouldst know the mystic song

Chanted when the sphere was young.

Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;

O wise man; hear'st thou half it tells?

O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?

'Tis the chronicle of art.

To the open ear it sings

Sweet the genesis of things,

Of tendency through endless ages,

Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,

Of rounded worlds, of space and time,

Of the old flood's subsiding slime,

Of chemic matter, force, and form,

Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm:

The rushing metamorphosis,

Dissolving all that fixture is,

Melts things that be to things that seem,

And solid nature to a dream.

O listen to the undersong—

The ever old, the ever young;

And, far within those cadent pauses,

The chorus of the ancient Causes!

Delights the dreadful Destiny

To fling his voice into the tree,

And shock thy weak ear with a note

Breathed from the everlasting throat.

In music he repeats the pang

Whence the fair flock of Nature sprang.

O mortal! thy ears are stones;

These echoes are laden with tones

Which only the pure can hear;

Thou canst not catch what they recite

Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,

Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife."

Once again the pine-tree sung:—
"Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries.
Talk no more with feeble tongue;
No more the fool of space and time,
Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
Only thy Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understand the universe;
The least breath my boughs which toss
Brings again the Pentecost;
To every soul it soundeth clear
In a voice of solemn cheer,—
'Am I not thine? Are not these thine'
And they reply, 'Forever mine!'
My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian,
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin, and Lap, and swart Malay,
To each his bosom-secret say.
Come learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies.
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued.

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know.
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.
 But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
 Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?
 Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
 Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
 Who thee divorced, deceived, and left?
 Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
 And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
 And sunk the immortal eye so low?
 Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
 Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
 For royal man;—they thee confess
 An exile from the wilderness,—
 The hills where health with health agrees,
 And the wise soul expels disease.
 Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
 By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
 When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
 Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
 To thee the horizon shall express
 Only emptiness and emptiness;
 There lives no man of Nature's worth

In the circle of the earth;
 And to thine eye the vast skies fall,
 Dire and satirical,
 On clucking hens, and prating fools,
 On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
 And thou shalt say to the Most High,
 'Godhead! all this astronomy,
 And fate, and practice, and invention,
 Strong art, and beautiful pretension,
 This radiant pomp of sun and star,
 Throes that were, and worlds that are,
 Behold! were in vain and in vain;—
 It cannot be,—I will look again;
 Surely now will the curtain rise,
 And earth's fit tenant me surprise;—
 But the curtain doth *not* rise,
 And Nature has miscarried wholly
 Into failure, into folly.'

"Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
 Blessed Nature so to see.
 Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
 And heal the hurts which sin has made.
 I will teach the bright parable
 Older than time,
 Things undeclarable,
 Visions sublime.
 I see thee in the crowd alone;
 I will be thy companion.
 Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,
 And build to them a final tomb;
 Let the starred shade that nightly falls
 Still celebrate their funerals,
 And the bell of beetle and of bee
 Knell their melodious memory.

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches, and thy charities;
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
 Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
 God hid the whole world in thy heart.
 Love shuns the sage, and child it crowns,
 And gives them all who all renounce.
 The rain comes when the wind calls;
 The river knows the way to the sea;
 Without a pilot it runs and falls,
 Blessing all lands with its charity;
 The sea tosses and foams to find
 Its way up to the cloud and wind;
 The shadow sits close to the flying ball;
 The date fails not on the palm-tree tall;
 And thou,—go burn thy wormy pages,—
 Shalt outsee seers, and outwit sages.
 Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
 To find what bird had piped the strain;—
 Seek not, and the little hermit
 Flies gaily forth and sings in sight.

“Hearken once more!

I will tell thee the mundane lore.
 Older am I than thy numbers wot;
 Change I may, but I pass not.
 Hitherto all things fast abide,
 And anchored in the tempest ride.
 Trenchant time behooves to hurry
 All to yeon and all to bury:
 All the forms are fugitive,
 But the substances survive.
 Ever fresh the broad creation,

A divine improvisation,
 From the heart of God proceeds,
 A single will, a million deeds.
 Once slept the world an egg of stone,
 And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
 And God said, 'Throb!' and there was motion.
 And the vast mass became vast ocean.
 Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape,
 Like wave of flame, into new forms
 Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
 I, that today am a pine,
 Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
 He is free and libertine,
 Pouring of his power the wine
 To every age, to every race;
 Unto every race and age
 He emptieth the beverage;
 Unto each, and unto all,
 Maker and original.
 The world is the ring of his spells,
 And the play of his miracles.
 As he giveth to all to drink,
 Thus or thus they are and think.
 He giveth little or giveth much,
 To make them several or such.
 With one drop sheds form and feature;
 With the next a special nature;
 The third adds heat's indulgent spark;
 The fourth gives light which eats the dark;
 Into the fifth himself he flings.
 And conscious Law is King of kings.
 Pleaseth him, the Eternal Child,
 To play his sweet will, glad and wild;

As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead changes;
 As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form he maketh haste;
 This vault which glows immense with light
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
 What reck's such Traveller if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers
 A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity?
 Alike to him the better, the worse,—
 The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
 Thou metest him by centuries,
 And lo! he passes like the breeze;
 Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency;
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star;
 He is the sparkle of the spar;
 He is the heart of every creature;
 He is the meaning of each feature;
 And his mind is the sky,
 Than all it holds more deep, more high."

VOLUNTARIES

I

Low and mournful be the strain,
 Haughty thought be far from me;
 Tones of penitence and pain,
 Moanings of the tropic sea;
 Low and tender in the cell
 Where a captive sits in chains,
 Crooning ditties treasured well

From his Afric's torrid plains.
 Sole estate his sire bequeathed—
 Hapless sire to hapless son—
 Was the wailing song he breathed,
 And his chain when life was done.
 What his fault, or what his crime?
 Or what ill planet crossed his prime?
 Heart too soft and will too weak
 To front the fate that crouches near,—
 Dove beneath the vulture's beak;—
 Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?
 Dragged from his mother's arms and breast,
 Displaced, disfurnished here,
 His wistful toil to do his best
 Chilled by a ribald jeer.
 Great men in the Senate sate,
 Sage and hero, side by side,
 Building for their sons the State
 Which they shall rule with pride.
 They forbore to break the chain
 Which bound the dusky tribe,
 Checked by the owners' fierce disdain,
 Lured by "Union" as the bribe.
 Destiny sat by, and said,
 "Pang for pang your seed shall pay.
 Hide in false peace your coward head,
 I bring round the harvest-day."

II

Freedom all winged expands,
 Nor perches in a narrow place;
 Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
 She loves a poor and virtuous race.
 Clinging to a colder zone
 Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,

The snow-flake is her banner's star,
 Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
 Long she loved the Northman well:
 Now the iron age is done,
 She will not refuse to dwell
 With the offspring of the Sun;
 Foundling of the desert far,
 Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,
 He roves unhurt the burning ways
 In climates of the summer star.
 He has avenues to God
 Hid from men of Northern brain,
 Far beholding, without cloud,
 What these with slowest steps attain
 If once the generous chief arrive
 To lead him willing to be led,
 For freedom he will strike and strive,
 And drain his heart till he be dead.

III

In an age of fops and toys,
 Wanting wisdom, void of right,
 Who shall nerve heroic boys
 To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—
 Break sharply off their jolly games,
 Forsake their comrades gay,
 And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
 For famine, toil, and fray?
 Yet on the nimble air benign
 Speed nimbler messages,
 That waft the breath of grave divine
 To hearts in sloth and ease.
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
 The youth replies, *I can.*

IV

O, well for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings infold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtile thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought.
But best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread
Biding by his rule and choice,
Feeling only the fiery thread
Leading over heroic ground,
Walled with mortal terror round.
To the aim which him allures.
And the sweet heaven his deed secures

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain;
Forever: but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.

He, the poor foe, whom angels foil,
 Blind with pride, and fooled by hate,
 Writhes within the dragon coil,
 Reserved to a speechless fate.

V

Blooms the laurel which belongs
 To the valiant chief who fights;
 I see the wreath, I hear the songs
 Lauding the Eternal Rights,
 Victors over daily wrongs:
 Awful victors, they misguide
 Whom they will destroy,
 And their coming triumph hide
 In our downfall, or our joy:
 They reach no term, they never sleep,
 In equal strength through space abide;
 Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and
 creep,
 The strong they slay, the swift outstride:
 Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,
 And rankly on the castled steep,—
 Speak it firmly, these are gods,
 All are ghosts beside.

DAYS

Damsels of Time, the hypocritic Days,
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
 And marching single in an endless file,
 Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
 To each they offer gifts after his will,
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
 them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
 To take in sail:—
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said: "No more!
 No farther spread
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
 Fancy departs: no more invent,
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less revere the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;
 A little while
 Still plan and smile,
 And, fault of novel germs,
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,

The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.”
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unarmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.”

NOTES

Page 18. The Battle of Concord (Massachusetts), an engagement between British troops and American farmers, occurred April 19, 1775.

Page 18. *Merlin*, the wizard of Arthur's court, in the Arthurian Legend.

Page 19. *Amphion*, the god who according to legend built a wall around Thebes by the music of his lyre, which caused stones to move.

Page 19. *Phoebus*, Apollo, especially in his capacity as sun god.

Page 20. *Phidias*, the Athenian sculptor and architect of the fifth century B. C.

Page 22. *Chrysostom*, St. John Chrysostom, patriarch of Constantinople, born probably in 347, died in 407. He was surnamed "the Golden-Tongued" because of his eloquence.

Page 22. *Augustine*, St. Augustine (354-430), Bishop of Hippo, author of the brilliant work, *De Civitate Dei*.

Page 22. *Taylor*, Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), an Anglican Bishop, author of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*.

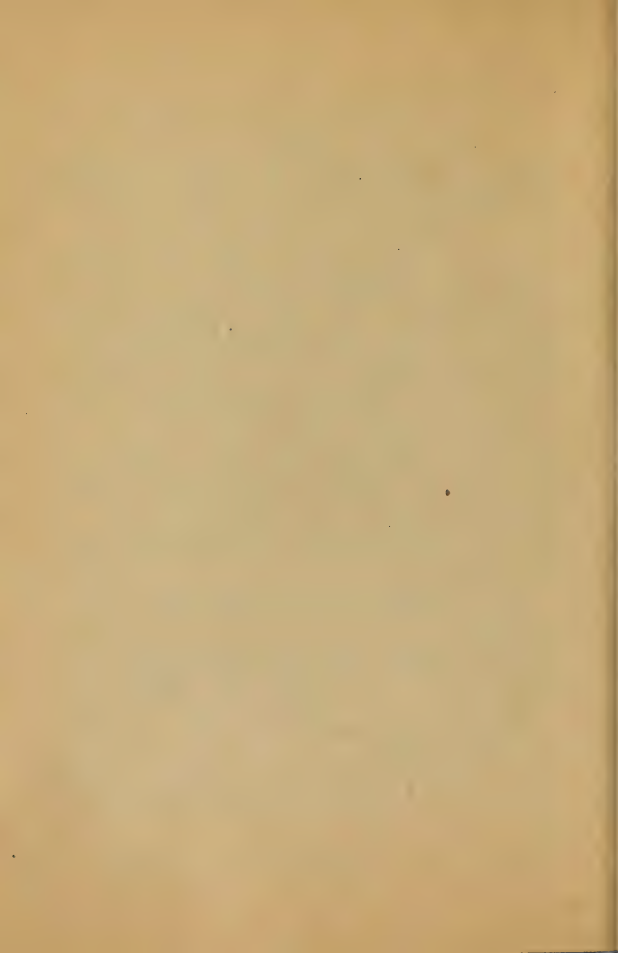
Page 26. *Hafiz*, the popular name of Shams ed-Din Mohammed, a Persian poet of the fourteenth century.

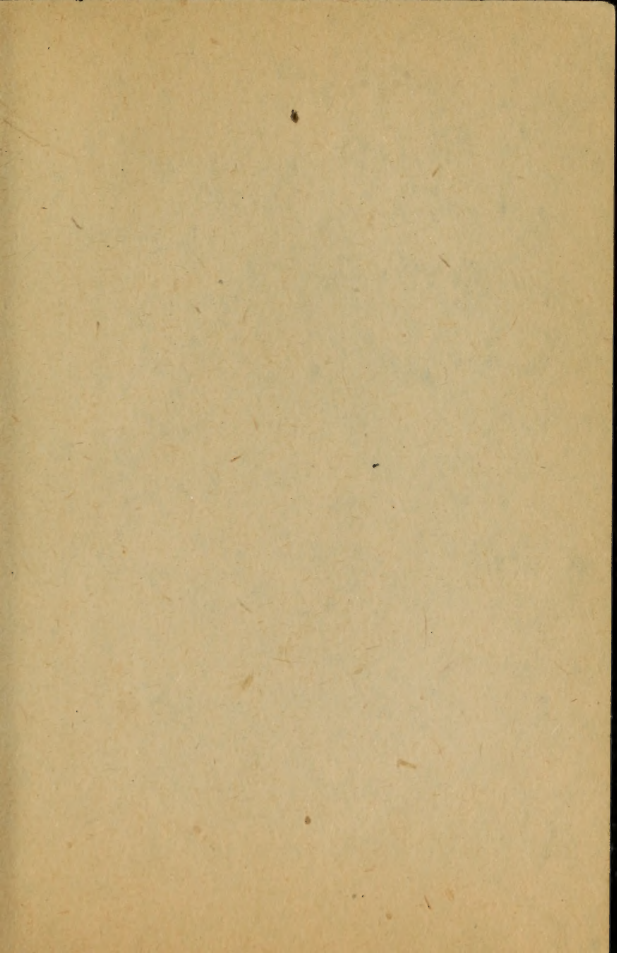
Page 27. *Schiraz*, Shiraz, a city in Persia famed for its wine.

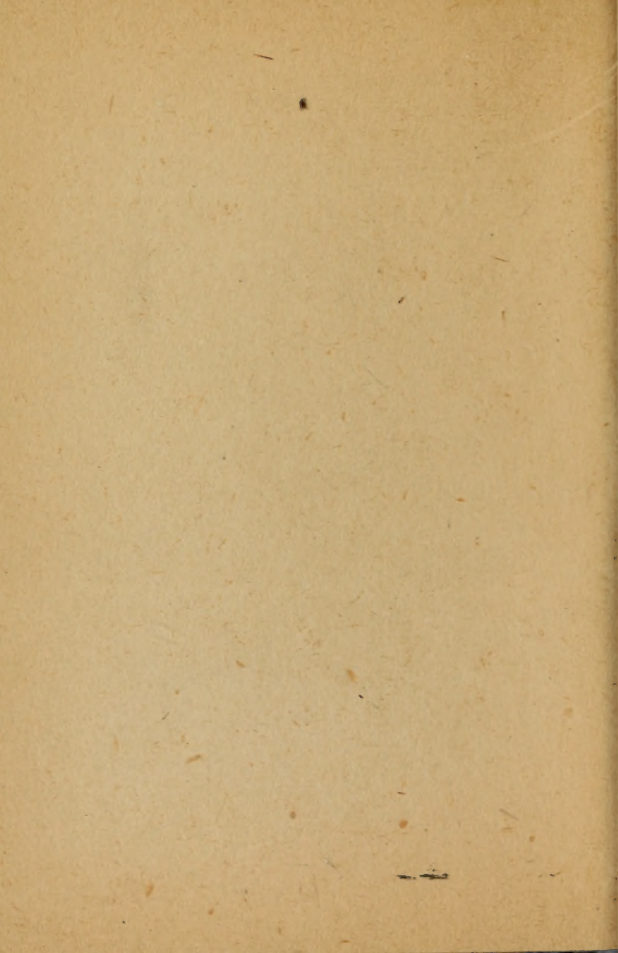
Page 36. Whittier prefixed to his *Snowbound* the first lines of Emerson's *The Snow-Storm*.

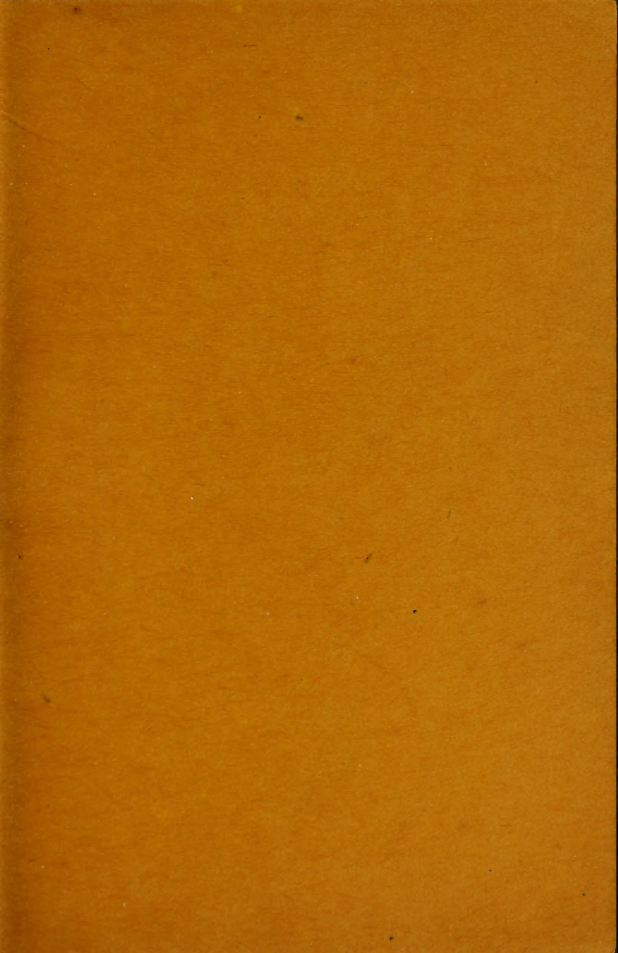
Page 37. *Dædalus*, a sculptor of Greek legend.

Page 37. *Atlas*, according to legend the Titan who sustained the earth on his shoulders.











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